



ALEXANDRA MALOUF

DEAR ONE, FLOATING IN MY CALM ROUND

You must have heard
my dumb sobs muted by a dim
under-water thumping
like far trucks passing.
You leaped a little
with each heave.

Soon you too
will wail like this. Your first cold breath
will sting your lungs
(parched pink by fluid clearing),
and the quiet—
white peaks pricking
a black sky—that alone
will leave you squalling for days.